The prayers meanwhile become louder.

and prays aloud.

impatience.

candles. The Cardinal Archbishop, or a port and decided to massacre the French

presate representing him, officiates. garrison to a man and recall the deposed. The cathedral is crowded with people of sovereign if the miracle of Saint Januarius.

performed, as there is an old tradition in The French took precautions against a

show their impatience by calling loudly to time and everybody became impatient.

the saint in familiar and irreverent terms. Signs of revolt were manifest and a conflict

such as "Oh, San Gennaro, hasten with thy seemed imminent, when the General sent

miracle" The officiating prelate at the an aide-de-camp to the priest at the altar

a lighted candle back of it, and if the blood The priest became pale, began to tremble

the altar, scarcely attempting to hide his emotion he took up the reliquary, turned

iquary and examines it closely by placing within ten minutes he would be shot.

Naples that if the blood of the patron saint surprise and mustered strong in the cathe-

all conditions anxious to see the miracle did not take place.

If the ebullition is delayed the disappoint- begin boiling.

garrison to a man and recall the deposed

staff and waited in patience for the blood to

it around twice and within five minutes the

blood was boiling. When later this episode

## MAKING THE PINGPONG STORY

LOVERS QUARREL YARNS AN-OTHER NAME FOR THEM.

Chief Difficulty is to Get the Proper Background, Says the Author-Motoring Technical Terms a Useful Knowledge -New Baedekers Good-Possibilitie

one of the most successful writers of magazine "pingpong" stories was telling

about it. "It's almost as easy to write pingpong stories as it is to swing in a hammock, once you get into the way of it," he said. "Pingpong? Oh, that means the vicissitudinousness-or, better, the scrappiness-of the pair of lovers in the pingpong story. 'Ping,' out of love; 'pong.' in love again, the thing all fixed up. 'Ping' expresses the troublethere's got to be a little trouble in every love story-and 'pong,' the happy adjustment of the business. There couldn't be a greater snap than writing a pingpong story noe you get the idea. The dialogue writes itself, so to speak. You just stick the paper in the typewriter and hammer away-L catch myself thinking all manner of irrelestories. Writing them comes so easy now that I can pound the keys in the manufacture of pingpongs and worry at the same time about the failure to sprout of the radishes I planted last month or wonder if I got in wrong in a few little real estate investments that I've made.

\*Of course there's got to be an idea. When you've got that it's all over except the mere writing. Alexandre Dumas the elder knew how to express that. He was engaged upon a play. The manager who was to produce it asked him how he was progressing with the play. 'Oh,' replied Dumas, 'it's practically finished. I've completed it except for the dialogue." And that's the way it is with a pingpong story. Get the idea and the mere words just wrap themselves around the idea. After you ve written some thousands of pingpong stories you find yourself imagining that you're running out of ideas, but it's nothing but little vacation of a week or so and then the ideas began to swarm again. You see, there are really more possible combinations with two people in love with each other than there are in billiards or in poker hands.

"I couldn't even begin to enumerate the different twists of the main themes of pingpong stories. You can make him scrappy, haughty and independent, or you can make the girl that way. You can fix them both that way if you want to-a first rate pingpong frequently results when they're both more or less to blame. You can make the girl a bit of a bully and the man a noody-naddy who'll stand for it,-or you can turn the situation around, making the man the bully. You can make one or both of them the victim of a misunderstanding. He can be a sulker and so can she. I used to make them both sulkers occasionally, but I found that this involved too much work in getting them together at the windup, and I've got too much to think of-business matters and such like-while engaged in writing pingpong stories to feel like tackling ideas that require any actual thought. So now I make it just as easy for myself to get them together at the finish as possible.

Locale has a good deal to do with the salableness and success of a pingpong story. It's pretty safe to plant most pingpongs right here in New York. The magazines which print the pingpongs circulate tremendously in the middle West, and the middle Western folks think that New York is the most fascinating place ever. They pretend that the town rather bores them when they come here by the hundreds of thousands every year, but don't you believe them-they're crazy over it. If the pingpong is planted in New York, you never want to neglect to have the principals take a little luncheon or dinner or supper or something at the Waldorf-Astoria. The Waldorf-Astoria is the leading wonder of the world to those same middle Westerners. so that when they read in the pingpong the people concerned getting something to eat at the Waldorf-Astoria they know perfectly well that the figurantes of the yarn are all right—they must be. "If you make the man a tall, athletic

young lawyer or doctor, and the girl a beautiful and wealthy heiress who, very much against the will of her people, has come to New York to study sociology or comething because she wants to 'do some something because she wants to do something higher and nobler in the world,' you can't go far wrong—that's essentially pingpongish and correct. Or you can make him a busy young manager of a famous brokerage office, who has never had time or the desire to cultivate his better self till he meets up with the girl. When he falls for Shelley he meets her, of course, and Keats and Walter Pater with a thump, and learns to hate the sordid occupation in which he is engaged, but you can manage to ameliorate his hatred for his brokerage business before the finish, of course—you wouldn't want to have him go through life despising his method of piling up the

You can't plant all of the pingpongs in York, of course, but it's a big enough d. There's Monte Carlo, for example I've written scores of pingpongs around Monte Carlo, though I've never been there. 'The Riviera' has a fine, loafing sound, too, for a pingpong, and you can finish them up on the Nile, with a little allusion thrown in about Shepheard's Hotel in Alexandria is it Cairo? I always forget whether spheard's Hotel is in Alexandria or Shepheard's Hotel is in Alexandria or Cairo, and I invariably have to look it up in a Baedeker when I bring them together in a pactear when to build their together in Egypt in a ping pong. You can make them tourists on a steamer bound for Hawali, and the girl can pronounce the words that mean so much to him in Waikiki on the outskirts of Honolulu, where the Royal Avenue of Palms is—I certainly must go to Avenue of Palms is—I certainly must go to Honolulu some day, if I ever get the time. "For the matter of that, they can meet

up with each other while touring in Japan in separate parties, have their first scrap in Yokohama, become reconciled in Tokio, become sore on each other again in Naga-saki, readjust matters in Kobe, and arrange for the marriage next spring in Pittsburg right there in Japan, with the cherry blossoms sifting down upon them and the fragrance of the iris flowers permeating the air—if iris flowers really are fragrant, and I always forget about that, too, and

and I always forget about that, too, and have to look it up.

"There's no end to places in which to plant ping pongs. All you need is an atlas and an up to date encyclopædia from which to get the atmosphere. It would really be a waste of money for a pingpong writer to travel, except for the fun of the thing. He doesn't need to be travelled to write pingpongs about the most curious corners of the earth, that's a sure thing. What's the use of having a library of books of travel if you travel yourself?

of travel if you travel yourself?

"For several years following the Spanish war there was a keen demand for pingpongs placed in the Philippines, but that's all over and done with now. Stories located in the Philippines are a drug on the market, and you couldn't give them away. You see, they were mostly all the same. The girl who went down to Luzon or Mindanao, you know, to teach a native school, and the young officer who met up with her in her lonely school house, while he was making a hike, and—but you know the stuff. The writers of Philippine pingpongs or Igorrotes or Macabebes—they had to work in the white folks down there, and of course the officers and the school teachers from Keckuk and Binghamton and Tiffin and Peoria are the only kind of whites down there that we know anything about.

Organs, says tot. B. D. Payer. It is generally, if not always, caused by a spasm of the larynx, resulting from nervous contraction of the organs, thus refusing to permit a proper flow of the air current production is sunming tone. People rarely or never stammer when singing, for then the attention is divided between words and music, the nervousness is momentarily forgotten and the passage of the air current through the larynx is cantinuous and unobstructed.

"Stammering very often is the result of imitation, sometimes intentional, sometimes inconscious, and the affliction is much more general than might be supposed. In one comparatively small section of the city there are thirty-five stammerers, and every one of them is able to demonstrate to his own satisfaction not only that he does not stammer very badly but that some other person he knows stammers a great deal worse than himself. Every stammerer is, intensely sensitive about his infirmity, rarely forgives and never does forget any alliusion to it which in his mind savors of redicule." of travel if you travel yourself?
"For several years following the Spanish

So that there was too little variety to the ping pongs of the Philippines, and the magazine editors curied up on them.

"The pingpongs that get the top prices nowadays, of course, are the automobile, of course, in a pingpong—it's always car.' I've written siews and slathers of them during the post year and they not store them during the post year and they not seem to be considered. them during the past year, and they pay at least twice as well as ordinary ping-pongs. I had considerable bother with my motoring pingpongs at first. I got a whole bunch of orders for them, all at about the same time, and I sat down and about the same time, and I sat down and tried to fill the orders without knowing anything whatever about buzz wagons, except that they ran over folks and jumped bridge rails and such like. Well, hardly any of these first automobile pingpongs that I sent in stuck. You see the editors were motor car cranks, and they knew all about automobiles, and my early batch for the care care intervence weren't technical. about automobiles, and my early batch of motor car pingpongs weren't technical enough for them. So they sent my motoring pingpongs back with the suggestion that I get into touch with a real, live and kicking automobile, dissect it and put it together again, learn all about its kinks and parts, and then sit down and revisemy stories—the stories, they told me, were all right in themselves, with the technique of the motoring game chucked in "well. I certainly did not intend to let

Well, I cortainly did not intend to let ch a fine thing as the market demand for motoring pingpongs get away from me, so I rented the car of a friend of mine me, so I remed the car of a friend of finne who was going off to Europe and began to study it. My idea then was simply to master the sparkplug gatter for my pingrong purposes, but it wasn't any time at all before I became a motoring bug myself, and long before my friend returned from Europe I had sent the car I rented from him beach to the garage and hought one of him back to the garage and bought one of my own—and it's a daisy, too, 40 horse-power, six cylinders, with—but hold on! I mustn't get sprawling around on the subject of motor cars or I'll forget all about what I am talking about.

"Well, I proceeded to find out all that any burnar, being ever finds out about about auto-

"Well, I proceeded to find out all that any human being ever finds out about automobiles, and then I was in shape to write buzz-buggy pingpongs as was them kind. I completely rewrote that first batch of automobile pingrongs that I had sent in—and how perfectly idiotic they did seem to me in the light of my new firsthand knowledge of automobiles—and you ought to see the enthusiastic letters of commendation. Lot from the magazine editors when tion I got from the magazine editors when I sent in the revised stories! I crowded every rage of those motoring pingpongs with technical stuff that nobody on earth could possibly understand except folks owning automobiles. The answer is, you imagination. I thought that I was all in so far as pingpongs were concerned several years ago, but all that I needed was a in the middle West, and everybody in the middle West, including the farmers. I'm told, has a buzz wagon. The mar-ket for the motoring pingrongs is still booming, and it bids fair to be a bull market for years to come. The editors are fairly pleading for them, and they eagerly offer double rates for them. As a matter of fact, the double rates for them. As a matter of lact, the double rate is no more than right, for a fellow actually has to use his mind quite a bit in writing a buzz wagon pingpongnot, of course, in those parts dealing with the mere love element of the yarn, but in dishing up the technical terms and phrases that delight the soul of the motoring crank who harves upon these pingroups.

that delight the soul of the motoring crank who happens upon these pingpongs.

"The organization of the amateur aero clubs created quite a steady demand for pingpongs dealing with aeronautios. Now, there are only a very few pingpongers who know anything about ballooning, and I'm not one of them, I'm sorry to say. But watch my smoke! If the ballooning thing develops into a genuine and widespread watch my smoke! If the ballooning thing develops into a genuine and widespread bug in the United States I'm going to be there right enough for the big demand bound to ensue for ballooning pingpongs. I'll have a balloon of my own if it causes 'em to double my life insurance rate. I shall decline to be left out in the cold when it comes to leaving my with the revent comes to keeping up with the newest

ideas in pingpongs.

"By the way, the Jamestown Exposition, if they ever get it started and it amounts to anything, will give us pingpongers a fresh field. Expositions are the bully fresh field. Expositions are the bully places in which to locate pingpongs. I've been writing 'em ever since the Chicago fair and many a tidy check did the White City bring my way, though I never had time to go out and have a look at it. Same way with the Pan-American exposition, the way with the Fan-American exposition. The St. Louis fair, the San Francisco exposition and all the rest—they're the up to the minute spots in which to bring the man and the girl together, and the readers of pingpongs like to read about things that they've seen themselves—and everybody in the Middle West, I'm told, takes in all of the experitions. They remind me that I must positions. That reminds me that I must assemble a bunch of printed matter and pictures about the Jamestown Exposition— I must bone up on some of the local color.

a week, but the average turnout four a week. I get from \$35 to \$75 apiece for em. Am I not afraid of depressing the market by giving the snap away in this fashion? Not a bit of it! The demand for pingpongs is far and away ahead of the supply and will be for many years to come. They can't queer the market during the next Iney can't queer the market during the next two years, no matter how many break into it, and I'll be ready to retire at that time if the market does show signs of weakening. I could retire now, for the matter of that, if I wanted to. But what would be the use, when it's so dead easy to manufacture pingrongs?" pingpongs?

#### FOREIGN VESSEL AT CINCINNATI. Clara Ramos Stopped There and Town Felt Like Real Scaport.

From the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune. For the first time in the history of the city steamer flying the flag of a foreign country tied to the bank in the port of Cincinnati last Saturday. She was bound for the Gulf of Mexico and thence across its waters to the inland waterways of the Republic of Mexico. Built at Pittsburg, unique in appearance, a three decker, graceful in outline and flying light, the Clara Ramos dipped her flag in salute to the flag of the United States flying from the array of steamers at the wharf and was saluted in turn.

It was an interesting incident in the history of the port of Cincinnati and is a suggeste of great possibilities. While the Clara Ramos Cincinnatians the first sight foreign flag in port, Cincinnati in the olden time built ships which have sailed down the Ohio and the Mississippi and crossed the ocean to Liverpool and to other ports. They engaged and continued in the ocean carrying trade long before the days of steam in ocean navigation and when Jack Tar was not only a picturesque but a necessary attachment to commerce between the United States and foreign countries. In Cist's "History of Cincinnati" the following interesting statement is given from the Liverpool Times

of January 30, 1845; "We have received a file of Cincinnati papers brought by the first vessel that ever cleared at that port for Europe. The building of a vessel of 350 tons-the Muskingumon a river seventeen hundred miles from the sea is, in itself, a very remarkable circumstance, both as a proof of the magnificence of the American rivers and the spirit of the American people. The navigating of such a vessel down the Ohio and the Mississippi and then across the Atlantic would a few years ago have been thought impossible. brings a cargo of provisions, and we trust that the success of this first venture will be such as to encourage its frequent repetition.

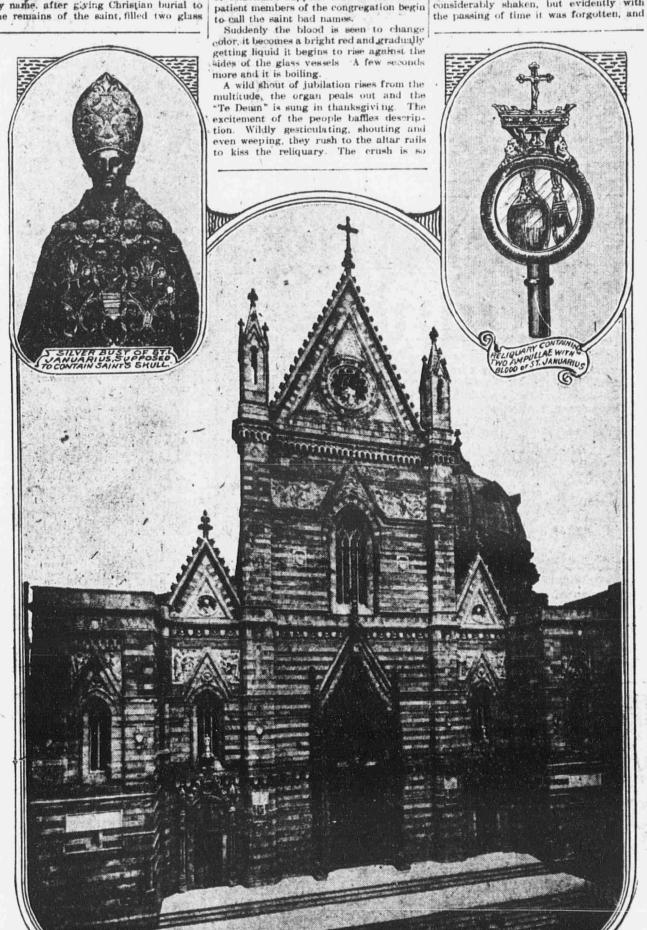
### Cause of Stammering.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Stammering is often more the result habit than from any defect of the vocal organs," says Prof. B. L. Pavyer. generally, if not always, caused by a spasm

Stellian Chemist's Alleged Exposure Confuted by the Customary Occurrence of the Phenomenon in the Cathedral

of Naples-Subject of Controversies. NAPLES, May 12. - There is no relic better known and more venerated throughout Italy than the blood of St. Januarius San Gennaro), preserved in the Cathedral of Naples; yet its authenticity has practically never been attested by the Church; and no other relic in the world is the cause of a phenomenon like the yearly recurring ebullition of the coagulated blood of this saint—a phenomenon which from time im-memorial has baffled explanation and has been the subject of endless controversies.

Seventeen centuries ago, during the reign of the Emperor Diocletian, Januarius, Bishop of Naples suffered martyrdom for the faith near Pozzuoli. A pious woman, Eusabia Ly name, after giving Christian burial to the remains of the saint, filled two glass



ampullæ with the still warm blood of the martyr and carried them to her house at Attigliano on the old way to Naples and

there kept them. The same ampullæ, encased in a circular

reliquary of ancient but indifferent workmanship framed between two pieces of glass, are now in the Cathedral of Naples. They are of unequal size and shape, but both have the characteristics of similar glass vessels traditionally used by the early Christians to preserve the blood of martyrs.

The larger vessel is pear shaped and contains a dark reddish, almost solid, substance, which is supposed to be St. Januarius's blood. The small one is almost empty, but some traces of a similar substance may be seen on its sides. It is said that its contents were carried to Spain by

Charles III. of Bourbon. The historical identity of these two ampullæ has never been determined, and no corroboration of the continuity of the phenomenon of ebullition could be found even during the Middle Ages. Some mention of the miracle is met with in the "Roman Martyrology" and in the "Lessons of the Breviary," but these have been ascertained to be apocryphal. The only evidence of the event begins many centuries after the

death of the saint. It is said, but not proved, that the first time the ebullition of the blood was observed was some time in the tenth century. The phonomenon has been attested, among others, by Pico della Mirandola, Giovanni Battista Vico and the geologist Antonio Stoppani, also by many sovereigns and princes who witnessed it and left valuable saint. At the time of the Reformation doubts were first entertained about the genuineness of the miracle, and subsequently its supernatural character was altogether denied.

Three times a year, on the first Sunday in May, on September 19 and on December 16, the blood of Saint Januarius, which is ordinarily in a state of coagulation, bubbles up in ebullition. In May this phenomenon September, the anniversary of the saint's martyrdom, the blood only boils on the 19th and again on the octave of the feast. In December it boils once, on the 16th, the feast of the saint's name day.

Each time the miracle is celebrated with great pomp. The reliquary containing the two ampulle, together with a silver bust said to contain the skull of the saint, are first carried in procession through the principal streets of Naples and then placed on

great that many faint and are trampled subsequently it was reported to be altounder foot, and the soldiers in the church | gether false. have a most busy time in maintaining order. The whole city seems to go crazy. the bells ring all day long, fireworks are

NAPLES CATHEDRAL.

let off and everybody is happy. At Pozzuoli, in a small church erected on the site where the saint suffered martyrdom, there is an old stone with some dark stains supposed to be his blood. When the miracle of ebullition takes place at the cathedral these stains, which can hardly be distinguished at other times, change color and become visible.

Among the many explanations given of the miracle it has been said that the ebullition of the blood is due to the high temperature owing to the overlighted alfar and crowded cathedral. It has also been asserted that there are two reliquaries, one containing coagulated blood and the other a colored solution of alcohol, and carping critics credit the officiating clergyman with singular powers of sleight of hand by saying that he changes one reliquary for the other.

Quite recently a Sicilian chemist announced that he had discovered the secret of the miracle. He filled a glass bottle with a composition made of coagulated animal blood and some fatty substance, held it near a lighted candle, shaking it violently all the time, and when it became liquid pretended that it was boiling, and hence argued that he had performed a similar phenomenon to that of the blood of

St. Januarius. The anti-clericals throughout Italy were considerably elated at what they regarded as a positive proof that the miracle was a signs of their devotion in the chapel of the fraud, but they refused to repeat the experiment before two Catholic chemists who wagered a large sum of money that they would detect juggling. One result of this so-called exposure of the miracle was that the officiating clergyman at the Naples cathedral abstained from making use of a candle during the last performance of the miracle, May 5.

None of the explanations of the phenomenon given so far deserves to be conis repeated for seven consecutive days. In | futed, especially as every one is free to believe or not that the phenomenon is miraculous. Many persons, and among them several priests of great learning, doubt its supernatural character.

In the year 1792, when the French had occupied Naples and established the socalled Partenopean Republic, the military authorities were very much afraid of an insurrection at the time the miracle was to happen. A rumor had been set affoat that the blood of the patron saint would not boil,

The contents of the two glass ampullæ have never been chemically analyzed. The vessels are securely closed and sealed and have never been examined except through the two pieces of glass within which they are encased. The proposal of the Bollandists to remove some of the substance contained in them for the purpose of a chemical analysis has been rejected with indignation. Consequently nothing approaching a scientific examination of the

relics and the phenomenon they cause has ever been attempted. It has been the custom to register the variations in volume and weight between the blood in its coagulated and its liquid state, and it is asserted that these vary independently of any change in temperature. But such observations do not appear to have been made on any scientific basis and they are therefore of little or no

real value. In 1902 the blood was subjected to a spec troscopic analysis and the result obtained, although not published, seems to have been satisfactory. The substance contained in the glass vases gave the characteristic spectrum of blood, but this proof cannot

e regarded as complete and definite. The ebullition of St. Januarius's blood remains unexplained, an atmosphere of legend and tradition hangs about the relics and in all likelihood no positive documentary evidence will ever be found to authenticate them, yet they have been venerated for centuries and there is now no probability of their ever being withdrawn from public

### Good Location for a Doctor.

From the Youth's Companion. young physicians were exchanging news for the first time since their graduation

om the medical school. was surprised when I heard you'd set-"I was surprised when I heard you'd settled at Beech Hill," said one to the other, laughing. "I've always heard it spoken of as such a healthy suburb. I wondered if you'd find any patients there.

"My dear man," said his classmate, earnestly, "it is a healthy suburb, but it is also the stronghold of football: every family has its automobile, and there never was such a place before for giving children's parties. I'm doing splendidly, thank you."

### Tragic Nine of Diamonds From Woman's Life.

Carefully preserved at Stairs Castle, the berdeenshire seat of the Earl of Erroll, is single playing card which recalls a never to this day "the curse of Scotland"), on which the Duke of Cumberland wrote his order for the butchery of the brave Highlanders who were taken prisoners at the fateful battle of Culloden.

AT THE WOMAN'S CLUB. opposite ends of the high altar, which is and this was ascribed to Saint Januarius's decorated with valuable gold and silver wrathat the republican form of government ornaments and is in a blaze of lighted The Neapolitans gave full credit to this re-New England Woman With the Idea and the Tactful President.

"Splendid?" repeated the little woman with the New England accent. "It was farcical!

Astonished looks from several of her neighbors seemed to demand further explanation. She turned to make herself does not boil the city will be visited by a dral when the day fixed for the miracle arheard above the confusion that always great calamity, such as an earthquake or rived. Gen. Championnet, commanding the an eruption of Vesuvius. Every one kneels garrison, attended the function with his accompanied the breaking up of the Eccnomic Club's meetings.

"I am beginning to think with the men that my sex is incapable of sustained thought ment is great and the devout Neapolitans The miracle was delayed beyond the usual along practical lines," she said. "I do not mean to cast any discredit upon the lady who has just addressed us; her paper was very earefully built. It was as good, I think, as any we have had. In fact, it was altar from time to time takes up the rel- with a message that if the blood did not boil typical.

Her comments were sufficiently unexpected to cause the women in that part shows no signs of liquefying replaces it on and almost fainted, but mastering his of the room to move a little nearer. The crowd thus formed soon amounted to a meeting in itself, with the little New Englander valiantly defending her position in sometimes happens that the more im- became known belief in the miracle was a manner that did credit to her Plymouth considerably shaken, but evidently with Rock ancestry.

Most of the women were a little in awe of Mrs. B--. . She had been a Vassar girl and was credited with bringing away from Poughkeepsie something more than a trunkful of crushed waists.

Whenever she took a decided stand, as she was doing now, the other members who were disposed to oppose her usually left. the realm of facts and fell back on sarcasm. Through some agency known only to women's gatherings every one present was aware that an insurrection was on and that Mrs. B- was the head and front of it.

A large woman in lavender was slowly moving toward the animated group, smiling here, clasping a hand there, with a few words or a little confidential nod for each. She was headed for the seat of trouble, although apparently unconscious of the outburst.

As she passed you instinctively realized why she had been the club's president ever since its organization. A superbly set up woman, her appearance was made more striking by reason of a quantity of white hair against which softly rested two immense lavender plumes, hanging from a hat of the same color. Her features were not masculine, as popular conception likes to have them in a leader among women. They

were large, mobile and even motherly.

What made this woman such a success as a club executive? Why were there no scandals in the Economic Club? Tact! If phrenology had a separate bump for this quality hers would be the marvel of the

At the edge of the group she paused. What new dissension was this? Another factional difference to require delicacy of treatment from the president upon whom fell all the adjusting of the club's internal difficulties? It might be a petty jealousy or it might rend the club asunder. What the discussion was demorallying ever it was this discussion was demoralizing to the club and must cease. "Women's clubs fail." the intrepid Mrs.

Women's clubs fall, the intrepart Mrs.

B— was saying, "because they serve no practical end. Instead of theorizing about the influence the toga had upon the Greek character, we might be seeking some practical means of eliminating the barbaric features of present day household methods, which make the lives of nine-tenths of our women a cesseless slavery to our manner. women a ceaseless slavery to our manne

of living. I say, let us turn from Greek character to dishwashing."

"Hear! Hear!" said the club's president, and as the members turned in surprise she stepped into the centre of the group and continued: "I'm sure that Mrs. B—'s, suggestion will meet general favor in the suggestion will meet general favor in the club. All of us have at some time felt the

club. All of us have at some time felt the need of reform in the commonplace things of the household.

"I will carry Mrs. B—s suggestion a little further and propose that we inaugurate a practical series and aim to have at each meeting some plan for reducing the labor incident to modern housekeeping. These plans we can very probably put into actual operation and thus test their practicability

"I am sure that there is no one in the club of the practical series than Mrs. B—.
As a member of the committee on topics
I will ask her to discuss at the next meeting
the subject of dishwashing—an ever present,
never ceasing and time consuming drudgery
for the venue, who does her own work."

for the woman who does her own work. There was a burst of applause as the president ceased speaking and the little New Englander raised her voice to say that she already had a scheme by which the dishwashing bogey was reduced to a minimum expenditure of time and labor, and she would be delighted to tell the club of the first was desired sufficiently important. if it was deemed sufficiently important

'I think this is tremendously interesting,"

said a young thing in a violent looking rig of mashed cherry tint.

A few of the women smiled in her direction and she promptly blushed as deep a hue as her gown.

"She's going to be married this month,"
said a kind friend near the door in a stage

But the young thing made good after conquering embarrassment by saying:
"My sister has a house out in Jersey and
she does all the work herself. She has the

she does all the work herself. She has the most wonderful way of dusting or rather not dusting and still keeping the house as clean as a Quaker's."

"Won't you tell us about it in a paper following Mrs. B——'s?" suddenly asked the president, turning to her.

The women had separated into little groups and each member seemed to have

The women had separated into little groups and each member seemed to have an original scheme for killing the giant Housework, which she was anxious to explain to her sister members. Mrs. B—, the cause of it all, was leaving the room arm in arm with an elderly matron. "Ten rooms and a family of eight," the

latter was saying, and she probably had a wealth of experience to draw from. When the last of the members had passed down the corridor toward the elevators and the president turned to gather up her papers there was a dancing twinkle in her eye. Was it tact after all?

#### FLOWERS THAT CHANGE COLORS. Some Go Through as Many as Three Changes. in a Day.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "This bed of flowers was blue this morning. and now it is pink. That one was white, and it is now rose. The one by the hedge was ellow yesterday, and to-day is is purple The gardener chuckled delightedly.
"I call 'em my fairy flower beds, ma'am,

s grand idea, isn't it? It gives a garden such But I didn't know that any flowers changed

their color,"
"Oh, yes. That bed you first mentioned s the mutable phlox. At sunrise it is blue, and in the afternoon it is pink.

"The one to the right is hibiscus-hibiscus nutabilis. It goes through three changes in the day, from white in the morning to rose on and to red at sunset The bed by the hedge is the lantana. The

lantana is yellow one day, orange the next and red the third. Its changes are slow. "There's the charge are slow.

"There's the cheiranthus chameleo, that shifts from white to yellow and from yellow to red. There's the gladiolus versicolor, that's brown in the morning and blue in the evening. There's the colean scandens, that moves slowly from greenish white to a deep violet."

# Pend of Tame Fish

From Tit-Bits.

The fish pond at Port Logan, near Stranraer is a natural pool, in which the receding
tide occasionally left ish. The idea occurred
to the proprietor of the estate to deepen this
pool and enclose it.

The keeper ushers visitors through a wicket

The keeper ushers visitors through a wicket and down a few steps, where, in a large circular pool, he sees many very marketable fish swimming about. On the keeper showing himself and taking up a basket of shelled limpets, the fish crowd to the edge and take the shellfish from his hand with a peculiar gulp. One visitor failed to let go a limpet in time and had his fingers scratched, for a hungry cod brooks no delay.

This is said to be the only place in feetland where fish have been so successfully tamed.

MUGS, PITCHERS, PUNCHBOWLS

SPOIL FOR COLLECTORS IN THE CITY'S FOREIGN SALOONS.

Especially Prizes in the Way of Earthea Mugs in Grimy Italian Cellars -German

May Wine Howis and the Pitchers That Visit the Weinstuben-Price Ranges, Some men pick up mugs and punchbowls up anywhere they can, new or old, and of

all shapes and sizes. Others have a fancy for cups with associations. It is a fad of one man with a country house near Philadelphia to ask any friend who visits him to give him a properly inscribed drinking mug. He keeps these gifts ranged around a big room, and when-

ever the guest comes again he drinks from

his own mug. You may buy a good German mug for anything from a few cen ts to \$6 or \$8. Only the most fastidious man would ask for anything better than a well designed litre mug with a proper pewter lid, and such a mug need not cost more than two or three doffars. If you have a fancy for a silver lid the cost will be increased by perhaps a dollar or two. The better tradition is fon the pewter.

It is a lucky collector who gets hold of the simpler sort of Italian earthen mugs. Fashionable shops are full of gorgeous and costly Italian drinking cups of gilded glass or richly decorated porcelain, but the cheap and popular Italian earthenware, most of it probably Neapolitan in origin, is rarely seen outside the Italian drinking places, desperate looking but altogether harmless little saloons in Mulberry, Mott and neighboring streets.

These are often really loving cups with two handles and three lips. They show old Greek influence in their form. As to their decoration, it is a matter of crude gay coloring in bands of red and green of

These cups, of two sizes, pass from hand to hand and mouth to mouth in the grimy little cellar restaurants, where they are foamed to the brim with the peasant blue wine drawn directly from the wood. It is hard to buy them in these places, though occasionally the tapster will part with a damaged one to a customer who persistently frequents the cellar.

Italian bubble flasks of cheap but delicate green glass are much easier to buy, and so are the Italian flasks of wood made to simulate little casks. Tall two handled flasks of brown glaze, coarse but graceful, are occasionally imported by the Italians, and no fancier of earthenware should be without one of these. They look as if they had been dug out of a buried city of Magna Græcia.

When it comes to collecting punchbowls one must be willing to pay pretty well for one's fad. In May and June a few German wine dealers sell that delicious May wine, or the almost equally delicious pineapple punch, and tradition requires that the drink be honored with a handsome bowl. Nothing is handsomer than the best of the

Nothing is nandsomer than the best of the German earthen punchbowls. Those in which the May wine is kept are usually big, lidded affairs holding three or four gallons and decorated almost from top to bottom with emblematio figures. Half buried in cracked ice these May wine bowls are deliciously inviting.

reacted foe these may wine bows are de-liciously inviting.

They cost from \$12 to \$20, according to size and quality. Considerably cheaper, but almost commonplace, are the porcelain punch bowls of florid decoration and smooth glazed surface. You may have an imported bowl of this kind abundantly large for \$3

bowl of this kind abundantly large for \$3 or \$10.

Perhaps the handsomest of all punch bowls, and the most recent, are of American make. They are of richly decorated and semi-opaque glazs, and often enormous in size. Their cost puts them beyond the reach of ordinary mortals. These bowls have a noble, bell-like ring when gently tapped with the knuckle, but one cannot help an uneasy fear that the beautiful and delicate things might shiver into impalpable dust if the right note were sounded on a violin.

He that frequents the German wein stuben will contract a strong affection for the earthen wine pitchers that come in from the neighboring homes to be filled with beer or wine about the noon nour. Some are completely enclosed in wood. Others are coarse but graceful affairs of blue gray earthenware with fascinating shallow lips and bits of simple decoration that seem almost accidental.

Every wein stube has several of these in Every wein stube has several of these in which to draw wine from the wood and serve it at the little tables where the pinochle players sit half the afternoon over their interminable game. Now and then just a simple lidless little pitcher of dark brown comes in and tempts the onlooking collector to waylay the outgoing Gretchen and commit highway robbery. Nothing is fitter for the dir ner table of a simple country home or a comp.

or ac mp.

Some of the wealthier Germans send to the wein stube stately, tall earthen pitchers with rich decorative designs and comfortable mottoes in praise of wine or beer. These sell at prices ranging from \$5 to \$12. They hold from two to four litres, and are warranted to prevent drought for a whole

summer afternoon.

A few extravagant families send one of the largest size to be filled at this season with the May wine, but that seems to the old fellows who are drinking the delectable punch at 20 cents a glass nothing less than down right wickedness.

IMMIGRANTS FOR HAWAII. Thousands Have Gone to Island From Spain and Pertugal.

From the Washington Post. Hawaii is encouraging the immigration of Europeans, so as to populate the Territory with those who will in time become good American citizens, "said Edward R. Stackable, United States Collector of Customs at Hono-lulu. Mr. Stackable is on his way home after a year in Spain and Portugal, where he was instrumental in sending 4,700 persons across the sea to settle in the Territory.

"The Territory wants those whose grand-children will be able to intermarry with the descendants of the best citizens now there. continued Mr. Stackable. "It wants those who will be stable, industrious and honorable. I found that sort of people in Spain and Portugal. I secured the assistance of our immigration agents over there, and they helped me to pick out some of the best people who ever emigrated to another country. Some of the best blood that built up

California and the Southwest in the early days was that of the Spanish and Portuguese. None better can be found in all the world. The Spaniards and Portuguese are intelligent, and the better classes are as hardy as their ancestors, who followed Cortez and Pizarro centuries ago in the Western world.

Those we selected are men with families Families were given the preference, and single women were not taken at all. We examined each candidate. We looked at a man's birth and marriage dirtificates, which we got from the church, and his record in the province where he had lived and in the army, which we got from the Government. We had each applicant examined by a phy sician also, so that we really got a fine set of men. During the year 4,700 were sent and the movement will continue from this time on. None will be bound in any way to any corporation or field of effort. Work will be found for all, but there will be nothing resembling peonage. The immigrants and be among the future "etheir children will spected citizens of Hawail.

"The last chartered ship that left Spain was the Heliopolis, carrying 2,293 Spanish men, women and children. For some time before they sailed I remained on board with them. I asked if any were dissatisfied and wanted to leave the ship, but none took advantage of the offer. On the evening before they left the port they were playing their banjos and singing merrity. I suppose they kept it up half way around the world.